

THE COMIC MAGAZINE THAT **DARED** TO BE DIFFERENT

10 CENTS

NOVEMBER #5

# DAREDEVIL



THE  
**CLAW** RETURNS

DEATH was the prize in  
the LOTTERY of DOOM  
and DAREDEVIL'S  
number was up.

NEW!  
SENSATIONAL!  
**CLAW**  
BATTLES  
THE  
**GHOST**



Also Featuring: LONDON · THIRTEEN  
PAT PATRIOT · WHIRLWIND  
NITRO · REAL AMERICAN No. 1  
DASH DILLON





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# DAREDEVIL



**PRESENTS**

**ADVENTURE! WAR!  
INTRIGUE! SPORTS!  
PATRIOTISM! MYSTERY!**

**1. DAREDEVIL**

**Pages 1-13**

DAREDEVIL plays a major part in the most revolutionary invention yet. Crime-detector is created and throws the world of crime into a state of fear.

**2. THE CLAW**

**Pages 16-22**

The CLAW returns—but this time he finds staunch opposition in two ingenious persons: one a thing of beauty, the other a gruesome creature of WHITE. Who are they? And why do they fight the Claw?

**3. NIGHTRO**

**Pages 29-33**

When spies picked NIGHTRO's uncle as an easy mark, they failed to reckon with the mysterious Denizen of the Dark. They wanted a rocket ship... but the bespectacled crime-buster gave them plenty of fireworks instead.

**4. LONDON**

**Pages 53-59**

Truth, they say, is stranger than fiction; and LONDON'S latest proves it. A motion picture is made and Hitler is portrayed on film. The surprise twist will make goosebumps pop out all over.

**5. THIRTEEN**

**Pages 44-50**

When the young heir to a million dollars finds himself on the gallows of death, THIRTEEN saves a life and gains a strong, young, fighting heart for an ally.

**6. REAL AMERICAN No. 1**

**Pages 34-39**

Just a little cigarette case but it was all the BRONZE TERROR needed to expose an Antique thief and smash his game. JEFF DIXON finds justice home in another hi-man westerner!

**7. PAT PATRIOT**

**Pages 23-28**

PAT dives into deep water and solves an ingenious sabotage plot. Foreign agents wanted their bombs to blow up U.S. vessels, but the ALL AMERICAN GIRL explodes them instead in their faces.

**8. THE STORY BEHIND "13"**

**Pages 14, 15, 51**

**9. WHIRLWIND**

**Pages 60-64**

When a diamond-studded gown is displayed, crooks gather round like flies... but with the aid of Boy Scouts, TERRY TURNER thwarts a robbery and gives a boxing lesson at the same time.

**10. DASH DILLON**

**Pages 40-43**

Carnival night and DASH steps into the ring with a crooked money fighter... rip-roaring action with a slam-bang finale.

**EDITORS**

Charles Biro

Bob Weid



# DEAD DEVIL

*The Greatest Name in Comics*

## ATTENTION READERS!

DUE TO A SERIOUS EVENT IT IS UNWISE FOR ME TO PRESENT "THE CASE OF THE MYSTERIOUS TRUNK" THIS MONTH. AS PROMISED IN THE LAST ISSUE, INSTEAD IT WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE... THEN I WILL BE FREE TO EXPLAIN THE REASON FOR THE POSTPONEMENT...

BY  
BIRD



## WARNING!

THE F.B.I. IN AN OFFICIAL REPORT DISCLOSED TODAY THAT MURDERS IN THE UNITED STATES HAVE INCREASED 15.4 PER CENT FOR THE FIRST QUARTER OF THIS YEAR. IT IS HORRIBLE TO KNOW THAT EVERY TWENTY TWO SECONDS SOME CRIMINAL IS MURDERING, ROBBING OR KIDNAPPING.....

The Editors

SINCE THE INVENTION OF THE LIE DETECTOR, THERE HAS BEEN NO REAL IMPORTANT SCIENTIFIC CRIME INVENTION. TONIGHT, THE PLAZA THEATER PRESENTS DR. ROE, B.S. AND HIS MUCH TALKED-ABOUT DEATH DETECTOR.



AS I HAVE EXPLAINED, THIS MACHINE, IN SHORT, IS A DEATH DETECTOR. IT WILL REGISTER WITHIN A YARD OF ANY PERSON. IF THE LIGHT BULB TURNS YELLOW, THAT PERSON HAS NOT AND WILL NOT AT ANY TIME IN HIS LIFE COMMIT MURDER. IF ITS RED, THAT'S A WARNING HE MAY OR WILL MURDER. IF BLUE, THAT PERSON HAS ALREADY MURDERED SOMEONE.



IT IS GOOD FOR ANYONE TO KNOW WHETHER THEY ARE CAPABLE OF MURDER?... IF SO THEY SHOULD BE EVER CAREFUL! WOULD ANYONE IN THE AUDIENCE CARE TO BE TESTED BY MY DEATH DETECTOR?



WHY NOT? WHAT HAVE I GOT TO LOSE! GO AHEAD, DOC!



THANK YOU! COME RIGHT UP!

BEFORE I GIVE THIS MAN THE TEST, LET ME REPEAT--YELLOW! NEVER! RED, MAYBE! I DOUBT IF ANY BLUES WILL COME UP HERE!



YELLOW!

HEY! THAT'S THE EIGHTH TEST AND THEY'RE ALL YELLOW! THAT THING'S A FAKE!



BART, IT DOES SEEM STRANGE. EVERYONE WAS YELLOW! DO YOU SUPPOSE IT COULD BE A FARCE?

NO! THE RIPERS PLAYED IT UP BIG! THOSE BABIES DON'T FALL FOR ANY GAGS! BESIDES, THE HOUSE IS FULL OF THUGS! THEY'RE NOT HERE FOR HEDY LAMARR!



SAY... ISN'T THAT NAT TONY SITTING THERE? IF IT IS, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE SOME FUN! -- EXCUSE ME A MINUTE, WILL YOU, TONIA?

BART, YOU'RE UP TO SOMETHING! PLEASE DON'T MAKE A SCENE!



WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT, NAT TONY? IF IT'S YELLOW IN YOUR TEST, IT'S A FAKE FOR SURE AND THEN WE CAN ALL GO HOME!









THE S.A.P. WHAT'D HE HAVE TO TOUCH ME FOR?

FOR A HELPLESS MOMENT IT SEEMS THAT THE KILLER WILL GET AWAY... THEN, A BOOMERANG, **DAREDEVIL'S** TRADEMARK TAKES THE STAGE....



YOUR SKULL MUST BE AS THICK AS YOUR BRAIN, BUT I'LL BET YOU HAVE A GLASS JAW!



YES, THE UNDERWORLD IS CUNNING, WHY SHOULDN'T THEY BE? THEY HAVE AT THEIR DISPOSAL THE LATEST WEAPONS KNOWN TO MAN, PAID FOR BY THE BLOOD AND MONEY OF THE TAXPAYERS. YOU AND I, THEY MUST BE STOPPED OR THIS COUNTRY MAY SOME DAY STOP US!

WHEN I DROP THIS SMOKE BOMB, YELL FIRE! WHEN THEY STAMPEDE NATT WILL GET LOST IN THE CROWD.

OKAY!



THE SHOUTS OF FIRE CREATE A MAD STAMPEDE! THE CRAZED MASS MAKES FOR THE EXITS, WOMEN AND CHILDREN ARE TRAMPLED LIKE ANTS!





HE GOT AWAY! I COULDN'T HOLD HIM IN THIS CROWD! MY GOSH, THEY'RE STEPPING ALL OVER ONE ANOTHER! I'VE GOT TO REACH TONIA! BUT HOW! YOU GET NO PLACE FAST IN THIS CROWD! THE MIKE...! ALMOST FORGOT ABOUT THE MIKE!

PLEASE, EVERYBODY, LISTEN! THERE'S NO FIRE! COME TO YOUR SENSES! TONIA, TONIA! I CAN'T GET TO YOU! GO TO THE BALCONY! YOU'LL BE SAFE THERE!

IF I COULD GET TO THE FRONT OF THE THEATER, I'D GRAB A COUPLE OF THOSE YEGGS THAT STARTED ALL THIS!

SENDING TONIA UP TO THE BALCONY GIVES ME AN IDEA!

TRY TO CATCH THIS, TONIA!

ATTA GAL! NOW, TIE IT FAST!

WHY DO THEY LOSE THEIR HEADS! A PANIC LIKE THIS HURTS MORE PEOPLE THAN ANY FIRE COULD!





COME, LITTLE GADGETS! IF YOU NEVER PICKED 'EM, PICK 'EM NOW!..YELLOW, RED...NOW YOU'RE TICKING!..YELLOW...RED...YELLOW...



BLUE! HEY, BUD! YOU JUST WON THE DOOR PRIZE!

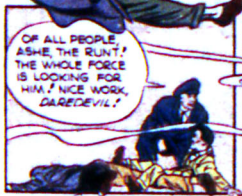


AN' HERE IT IS!



IT'S DAREDEVIL! NOW WHO STARTED THIS RIOT, YOU?

ONE OF THESE MUGS THREW A SMOKE BOMB!



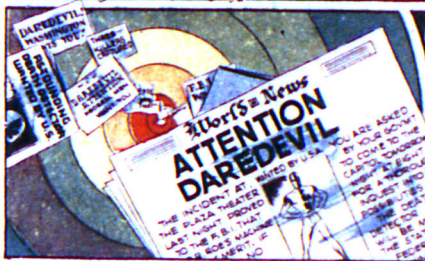
OF ALL PEOPLE, ASHE, THE RUNT! THE WHOLE FORCE IS LOOKING FOR HIM! NICE WORK, DAREDEVIL!



HEY, DAREDEVIL! COME BACK HERE! WHERE DO YA THINK YOU'RE GOING WITH THAT MACHINE!



FRANKLY I DON'T KNOW MYSELF, BUT IF ANYONE CLAIMS IT, TELL THEM I'VE GOT IT SAFELY TUCKED AWAY!



I SAW THAT BEFORE I CAME! I GUESS I'LL GO DOWN TO SEE THOSE FELLOWS!

IT WOULDN'T DO ANY GOOD TO ASK YOU NOT TO, BUT THE LEAST YOU CAN DO IS--

BART HILL ALIAS THE DAREDEVIL ACCEPTS UNCLE SAM'S INVITATION.





I KNOW YOU WANT ME TO BE CAREFUL!

NOW EVERY KILLER IN THE COUNTRY KNOWS THAT YOU HAVE THE MACHINE! THEY'LL RISK ANYTHING TO STOP YOU FROM GETTING TO WASHINGTON!



LISTEN, NATTONY 2000 PEOPLE SAW YOU BUMP THE OLD MAN OFF! 2,000 WITNESSES! YOU'RE RED HOT! WHAT DID YOU COME UP HERE FOR?

HE PULLED A GAT! IT WAS EITHER ME OR HIM, CURLY!

IN THE MEAN-TIME...

THAT'S A LIE! HE DID NOT! I WAS THERE!



NATTONY YOU USED TO BE OKAY BACK IN PROHIBITION DAYS! TODAY ITS BRAINS, NOT NERVOUS TRIGGER FINGERS! YOU'RE FINISHED AS MY RIGHT HAND MAN!...WHEN THEY NAB YOU, I GOT A HUNCH YOU'LL SQUEAL LIKE A PIG! SO I'M PLAYIN' SAFE!...HEY, MARTY, HANK, BUTCH, C'MERE!



YOU WOULDN'T DO NOthin' TO ME, WOULD YA? I'VE ALWAYS BEEN YOUR PAL, HAVEN'T I? I GAVE YOUSE GUYS YOUR START WHEN YOU WAS JUST KIDS! FER HEAVENS SAKES, I WON'T TELL EM' NOthin'! YOU KNOW THAT, CURLY!



DON'T, PLEASE, I DON'T WANT TO DIE! PLEASE!

LET 'IM GO, BOYS! EVERYBODY WILL THINK IT WAS A SUICIDE! THEY WON'T EVEN BOTHER TO INVESTIGATE!



WE GOT TO WORK FAST AND GET THAT MACHINE FROM GARE-DEVIL BEFORE HE TURNS IT OVER TO THE F.B.I.! WE WON'T BE ABLE TO HANDLE IT ALONE... BUT IF EVERYBODY WAS IN ON IT...HMM... I GOT IT!...START A GRAPEVINE! I'LL GET ALL THE BIG RACKET BOYS IN THE COUNTRY FOR A CONVENTION, A CRIME CONVENTION!



CONVENTION! WHERE?

ATLANTIC CITY! WHEN?

I'LL BRING MY BOYS!

WE'LL BE THERE!

TOMORROW AT TEN IN THE MORN!

BHILLY

DETROIT

POWER





FROM READIN' TH' PAPER, YOU MUST KNOW DAT DAREDEVIL WILL ACCEPT THE F.B.I.'S INVITATION! SO WE KNOW WHEN HE'S GOIN' AN' WHERE TO! IF YOUSE GUYS GOT IDEAS, SPILL 'EM!

YEAH! SEND HIM A PINEAPPLE!

SURE! SHOVE 'EM OFF A CLIFF!

BUT 'EM ON TH' SPOT!

YEAH, I GOT ONE! GET THE TWELVE BEST KILLERS WE GOT, AN' GIVE 'EM A FREE HAND! ALL THOSE IN FAVOR SAY YEAH!

YEAH!  
YEAH!  
YEAH!

YEAH!  
YEAH!  
YEAH!

WE HAVE PICKED TWELVE OF THE FINEST MEN IN THE TRADE! NOT ONE OF THEM HAS EVER BEEN IN THE CLINK, AND THEY HAVE DISPOSED OF MORE THAN 100 MEN AMONG THEM! GIVE THE LITTLE BOYS A GREAT BIG HAND!



C'MERE, SNIFFER. THIS IS A HUNK OF DAREDEVIL'S BOOMERANG. TAKE A GOOD SNIFF OF IT AND LEAD THE BOYS TO HIM!



I DON'T HAF TA LEAD 'EM. HE'S HERE IN DIS JERNY.



WHERE IS HE SNIFFER? WHERE? WHERE? WHERE?



SO WE'RE GOING TO PLAY KING OF THE MOUNTAIN!



THERE HE IS! UP ON THE RAFTER!



VERY FLATTERING TO GET ALL THIS ATTENTION!

AFTER HIM BOYS!



CHECKIN' OUR GATS WAS A DUMB IDEA!





DAREDEVIL IS ON THE SPOT! THE TWELVE DEADLIEST TRIGGER MEN OF GANGDOM HAVE MARKED HIM. CAN DAREDEVIL'S WIT AND FIGHTING ABILITY SAVE HIMSELF NOW, WHEN THE GREATEST SHOW-DOWN ON EARTH IS ABOUT TO BEGIN?...





BOTH DO IT!



ARE YOU GOING TO WASHINGTON LIKE THE PAPERS SAID YOU WOULD? COULD I HAVE YOUR AUTO GRAPH?

I'LL GIVE YOU MORE THAN THAT IF YOU GET ME TO RAILROAD STATION!



LOOK OUT!



PRINCE WHERE YA ARE! WE'RE F.B.I. MEN!



HE'S OUT COLD!

YEAH! AIN'T HE KIND?



WOULDN'T THE BOYS HAVE RUN WID YA?

TURK, YOU HONEST THE DEATH DETECTOR!

SINCE WHEN DO F.B.I. MEN USE THAT SORT OF LINGO?



AND RIDE AROUND IN SUPER-CHARGED LIMOUSINES!



TAKE THIS AND HAND THEM OVER TO THE POLICE!

YOU BET! I'LL HEAR MY FALLS HEAR I HELPED DAREDEVIL MOP UP A GANG OF THUGS!



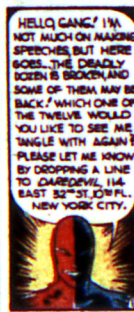
THAT WAS SNAKE EYES, THE ONE, AND THE TURK! NOW LET'S SEE, THAT MAKES SIX TO GO! MAYBE TAKING THEIR CRATE WASN'T SUCH A HOT IDEA! I'LL BE LUCKY IF I DON'T GET PICKED UP! THEY BORROW ALL THEIR CARS!







THE NEXT DAY THE CRIME CONVENTION ABSOLUTELY AWAYS THE RETURN OF THE DEADLY DOZEN.







# **THE STORY *Raf* BEHIND "13"**

By DICK WOOD

I'm going to tell you a very strange tale. One that will be hard for some of you to believe. But for the others—those of you who have perhaps felt the cold, clammy touch of some superstition, it will fire a flame in your mind and bring back memories which you would rather forget.

It is the story of a number. A numeral which has followed the path of a man almost since the beginning of time and has carried with it an unholy fear which has burrowed into his very soul. All have tried to overcome the terrible grip of the evil omen, 13, but few have succeeded. To this very day, few hotels have either a thirteenth floor or a room numbered 13. Why? Why do men, the masters of the world, fear contact with these insignificant digits? Why do they refuse to sit on the thirteenth chair, never buy the thirteenth ticket and walk around on Friday, the thirteenth, with their fingers crossed?

No one can say what truth lies behind this mass superstition and we shall not attempt to here. But we can tell you of the strange experience had by Harold Higgins, now known to you as "Thir-

teen." So bolt your doors well and draw the shades, for you are about to hear one of the most amazing stories ever to occur in the life of man.

In a small town, buried in the maze of rising hills which cover New England's picturesque Vermont, Harold Higgins was born. And with his birth on Friday, the thirteenth, the hand of Fate placed a bony hand against his throat and proclaimed him possessor of a fearsome plague to man—the curse of "13", nemesis number of all time. . . Such was the beginning.

Time passed swiftly in the younger days of Harold Higgins. The curse had not gained power enough to strike hard and ruthlessly. True, the years were marked with numerous moments of bad luck. A broken leg on the 13th of the month, a failure in History when he turned in the thirteenth essay, these and many other minor tragedies studded his childhood. But they were insignificant, troublesome as mosquito bites, compared with what was to come.

Ironically, it was on his thirteenth birthday that the first great blow fell. Even the weather seemed to be fiend

ishly playing a part in the gruesome melodrama which took place that night. The skies were lashed with lightning, and solid walls of water pounded out of the heavens to forge miniature rivers which surged down the mountain side.

The Higgins home sparkled with light from every window . . . For tonight was party night—a gala birthday celebration for Harold Higgins. No one was enjoying the evening more than Hal, as he and some thirty school friends frolicked the evening away. But that wasn't the only reason he felt brisker than usual. Tonight he was in the very special company of his best girl, Helen; and this was a rare treat, for Helen now lived in Boston, a good many miles away, which made it difficult to see much of her.

They slipped away from the festivities for a while and talked over old times on the closed-in porch. When they returned, a "guessing" game was in progress. Couples were seated together on the floor in a semi-circle around the room. One space was left open as room for Helen and Hal. Good-naturedly, they started to take their places. Then, suddenly, Harold Higgins paused and counted the couples slowly. He felt the blood drain from his cheeks and the cold prick of an icicle pierce his spine. **HELEN AND HE WOULD BE THE THIRTEENTH IN LINE!**

Quickly Helen leaped to her place and



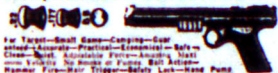
laughingly pulled him down beside her. The game began.

The turns quickly rotated around the circle. Now it was Helen's turn to make a guess. She rose to her feet, smiling—prepared to guess right or pay the forfeit. But Helen didn't speak! Then, or ever again! At this moment, like a flashing juggernaut of death, the chandelier ripped loose from a damp ceiling overhead and hurtled downward . . . The birthday party of Harold Higgins had ended, minus love and laughter.

After this, the trail of tragedy followed the life of Harold Higgins closely. "Thirteen" became an obsession in his mind as the years passed and death struck at his family one by one and all on this fatal date. Finally, as you remember, (September DAREDEVIL), he lost his job as a newspaper reporter on this date. This, of course, was a very minor event compared to what he had suffered on the thirteenth at other times. But it wasn't an insignificant event to crime.

It was on this day that Harold Hig-

**Be Prepared! Learn to Shoot with BENJAMIN**

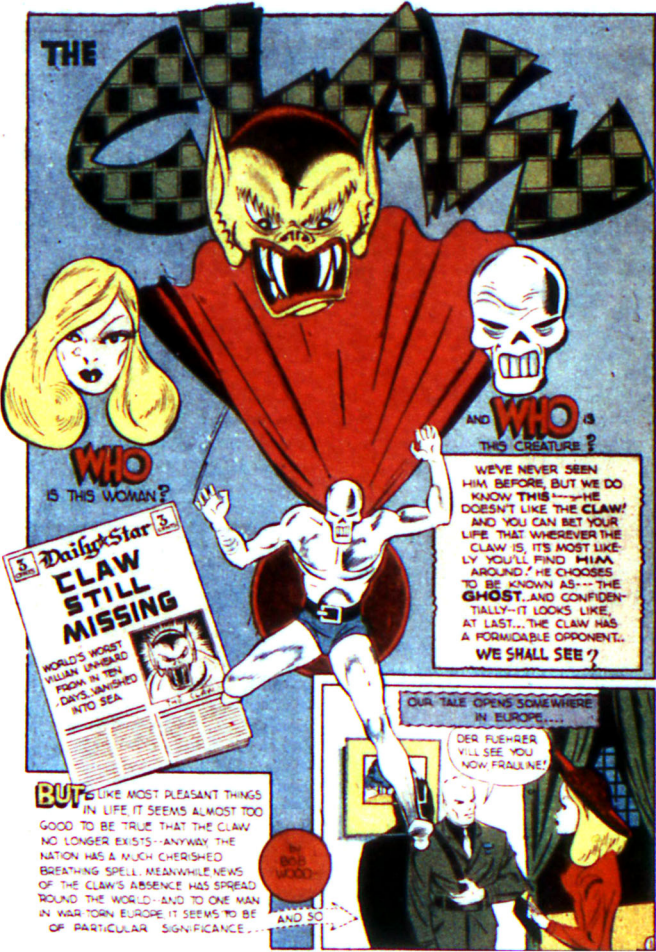


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**CONTINUED ON PAGE 51**



THE



**WHO**  
IS THIS WOMAN?

AND **WHO** IS  
THIS CREATURE?

WE'VE NEVER SEEN HIM BEFORE, BUT WE DO KNOW THIS---HE DOESN'T LIKE THE CLAW! AND YOU CAN BET YOUR LIFE THAT WHEREVER THE CLAW IS, IT'S MOST LIKELY YOU'LL FIND HIM AROUND. HE CHOOSES TO BE KNOWN AS---THE GHOST...AND CONFIDENTIALLY--IT LOOKS LIKE, AT LAST...THE CLAW HAS A FORMIDABLE OPPONENT.. WE SHALL SEE?

**Daily Star**  
**CLAW STILL MISSING**  
WORLD'S WORST VILLAIN UNHEARD FROM IN TEN DAYS...VANISHED INTO SEA

**BUT** LIKE MOST PLEASANT THINGS IN LIFE, IT SEEMS ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE THAT THE CLAW NO LONGER EXISTS--ANYWAY, THE NATION HAS A MUCH CHERISHED BREATHING SPELL. MEANWHILE, NEWS OF THE CLAW'S ABSENCE HAS SPREAD AROUND THE WORLD--AND TO ONE MAN IN WAR-TORN EUROPE, IT SEEMS TO BE OF PARTICULAR SIGNIFICANCE...

OUR TALE OPENS SOMEWHERE IN EUROPE....

DER FUHRER WILL SEE YOU NOW, FRAUINE!

AND SO



HEIL, FRAULINE!  
ARE YOU PREPARED  
FOR THE BIG  
MOVE?

I AM READY,  
HERR FUHRER!  
YOUR WISH IS  
MY COMMAND!

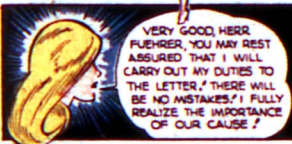


NOW THAT DER  
CLAW IS NO MORE,  
VE HAFF NO RIVAL  
IN CONQUERING  
DER VESTERN  
HEMISPHERE!



YOU KNOW YOUR DUTIES,  
MISS X! YOU WILL GO TO  
DER UNITED STATES BY  
WAY OFF SOUTH AMERICA!  
VEN YOU ARRIVE, YOU ARE  
TO CONTACT OUR AGENTS  
AND KEEP ME INFORMED  
OFF EVERY MOVE!

IT  
SHALL  
BE DONE!



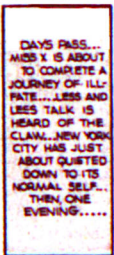
VERY GOOD, HERR  
FUHRER, YOU MAY REST  
ASSURED THAT I WILL  
CARRY OUT MY DUTIES TO  
THE LETTER! THERE WILL  
BE NO MISTAKES! I FULLY  
REALIZE THE IMPORTANCE  
OF OUR CAUSE!



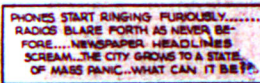
IT IS GOOD DOT YOU  
UNDERSTAND, FRAULINE!  
WITH SUCCESS YOU WILL  
SOON BE QUEEN OF DER  
WORLD--A MODERN CLEO-  
PATRA! I, OFF COURSE,  
WILL BE DER EMPEROR!



AND SO OUR MYSTERIOUS  
LADY BIDS HERR FUHRER  
GOOD-BYE, TO SET FORTH ON  
A MISSION OF INTENDED  
DISASTER TO OUR DEMOCRACY.



DAYS PASS...  
MISS X IS ABOUT  
TO COMPLETE A  
JOURNEY OF ILL-  
FATE... LESS AND  
LESS TALK IS  
HEARD OF THE  
CLAW... NEW YORK  
CITY HAS JUST  
ABOUT QUIETED  
DOWN TO ITS  
NORMAL SELF...  
THEN, ONE  
EVENING.....



PHONES START RINGING FURIOUSLY.....  
RADIOS BLARE FORTH AS NEVER BE-  
FORE... NEWSPAPER HEADLINES  
SCREAM... THE CITY GROWS TO A STATE  
OF MASS PANIC... WHAT CAN IT BE?



YOU'VE ALREADY GUESSED...

**THE  
CLAW  
IS  
BACK**



MAD CHAOS GRIPS THE CITY....

WHY DID  
I EVER GET  
DAT PAROLE!

HE'S  
HERE!

IT'S  
ALIVE!

THE  
CLAW!

I SHURE AN  
B'GORRA, IT  
MUST BE A  
MIRAGE!



THE PANIC CRAZED MOB FLOCKS IN ALL DIRECTIONS--TIMES SQUARE BECOMES A BEDLAM OF HORRIFIED CONFUSION....

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

THE CLAW!

JEEPERS!/IT CAN'T BE TRUE!



BUT IT IS TRUE--FOR PEERING DOWN FROM HIGH ABOVE IS THE MOST HORRIBLE SIGHT EVER WITNESSED BY MAN....HIS GIANT WINGS BELLOWING FORTH WITH THE POWER OF A VOLCANIC ERUPTION....

FOOLS! YOU THOUGHT YOU'D SEEN THE LAST OF ME, EH?



THIS IS BUT THE BEGINNING, PALE-FACED INFIDELS!



ON AND ON PLUNDERS THE MAD MASTER OF DESTRUCTION, MASSACRING THE POPULACE LEFT AND RIGHT.... WHAT CAN BE DONE? IS THERE NO WAY TO STOP HIM?

A WRITTEN STATEMENT FROM THE PRESIDENT PLACING CONTROL OF YOUR GOVERNMENT IN MY HANDS AND I SHALL CEASE TO HARM YOU--UNTIL THEN...



AS THE CLAW RUTHLESSLY CONTINUES ON WITH HIS MURDEROUS ACTIVITIES, A GUST OF SMOKE SUDDENLY APPEARS BEFORE HIS EYES....



...AND EMERGING FROM THE SMOKE IS A GHASTLY SIGHT--A SKULL-FACED WHITE FIGURE....

SO YOU ARE THE MIGHTY CLAW!



TAKEN BY SURPRISE IS THE CLAW, THAT HE SEEMS UNABLE TO MOVE....WHO IS THIS STRANGE FORM OF MAN?...CAN IT BE ALIVE ???

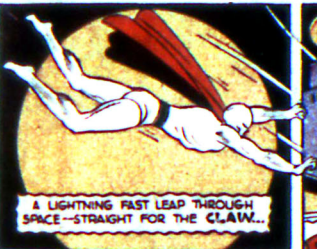
WELL, MR. CLAW- WHY DON'T YOU START SOMETHING WITH ME?

YOU!  
WHO ARE YOU?  
WHERE DO YOU  
COME FROM?

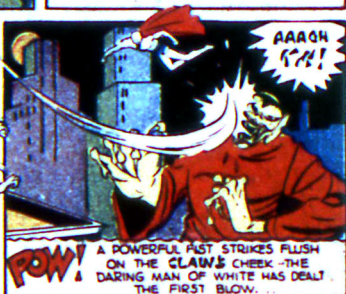
IT'S NONE  
OF YOUR BUSINESS  
WHERE I COME  
FROM, BUT I'M  
NOT GOING BACK  
WHILE YOU'RE  
STILL AROUND!



WHO IS THIS UGLY INTRUDER WHO WOULD DARE THREATEN THE CLAW!



A LIGHTNING FAST LEAP THROUGH SPACE--STRAIGHT FOR THE CLAW...



POW!

A POWERFUL FIST STRIKES FLUSH ON THE CLAW'S CHEEK--THE DARING MAN OF WHITE HAS DEALT THE FIRST BLOW. ...



"SO! THERE IS ONE SO BOLD AS TO STRIKE AT THE CLAW" WAILS THE WORLD'S WORST VILLIAN."

I'LL CRUSH YOU TO A PULP!

NO HARM IN TRYING--BUT SEEING IS BELIEVING!



WITH MAXIMUM FURY, THE CLAW'S MIGHTY ARMS SWISH THROUGH THE AIR, BUT IN VAIN...



PERCHED HIGH UPON A NEARBY  
PENTHOUSE, THE GHOST SEIZES  
A TABLE....



...AND SENDS IT CRASHING  
INTO THE CLAW'S HUGE  
MOUTH.....



HE HURLS THE EMBLEM OF DEMOCRACY AS THOUGH IT WERE A JAVELIN--STRAIGHT FOR THE CLAW..



AS THE GREAT-  
EST BATTLE OF  
ALL-TIME RAGES  
ON INTO THE  
NIGHT, NEWS OF  
THE CATASTROPH-  
IC EVENT REACH-  
ES EVERY  
CORNER OF  
THE LAND...

SIMILAR IN MANY RESPECTS TO A CHAMPIONSHIP BOXING BOUT, A "BLOW BY BLOW" DESCRIPTION OF THE CONFLICT IS RADIOED THROUGHOUT THE NATION.....

AND NOW, THE  
CLAW IS REALLY  
MAD! THERE HE  
IS SWISHING HIS  
MIGHTY ARMS THRU  
SPACE!

JEEPERS!  
AM I GLAD  
WE'RE EIGHT  
HUNDRED MILES  
FROM NEW  
YORK!

QUICK!...  
OUR NEW YORK  
OFFICE! I WANT  
PICTURES OF IT--  
WOW! IT'S A  
SENSATION!

BUT NOW BACK TO NEW YORK CITY--AS THE  
CLAW AND THE GHOST ARE MAKING HISTORY  
IN ONE PART OF THE CITY, LET'S VISIT A  
NORDIC INFESTED SECTION OF MANHAT-  
TAN KNOWN AS YORKVILLE....

HEER KAHN!  
SHE IS HERE!

GOOD!  
SHOW HER  
IN!

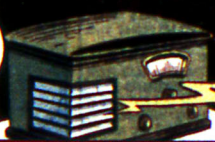
HAH FRAULINE--  
AT LAST YOU HAVE  
ARRIVED! DO YOU  
BRING GOOD NEWS  
FROM DER  
FATHERLAND!

THAT I DO.  
I SEE THE  
NEWS HERE  
IS NOT GOOD--  
WHAT OF  
THE CLAW!

MY PURPOSE IN  
COMING AT THIS TIME,  
YOU KNOW, IS BE-  
CAUSE IT WAS THOUGHT  
HE WAS OUT OF THE  
WAY! THIS WILL  
ALTER OUR PLANS!

WHERE HAVE WE SEEN THIS  
WOMAN BEFORE? OH, YES,  
MISS X--WHOM WE MET ON  
PAGE TWO OF THE STORY...

MAYBE YES--  
PERHAPS NO--FROM  
ALL AVAILABLE REPORTS  
THE CLAW MAY HAVE  
MET HIS MATCH--THIS  
GHOST PERSON!...  
WAIT--LISTEN--THE  
RADIO!



CAN IT BE?  
YES, AFTER  
SEVEN HOURS OF  
THE SIRMISH, THE  
CLAW IS  
WEAKENING!

**YES!** BACK IN  
TIMES SQUARE, THE  
CLAW MORE THAN  
HAS HIS HANDS FULL  
WITH HIS STRANGE  
NEW RIVAL---CAN  
THE WORLD'S WORST  
VILLIAN SURVIVE  
THE ORDEAL, OR  
WILL HE AT LAST  
SUFFER THE HU-  
MILIATION OF DE-  
FEAT?

BLAST  
YOU!

GETTING A  
LITTLE DIZZY,  
EH?

RESORTING TO CLEVER TACTICS,  
THE GHOST WHIRLS FURIOUSLY  
ROUND AND ROUND THE  
CLAW'S HEAD.....



THE CLAW CLUTCHES HIS HEAD IN ANGUISH AS HE TRIES TO FOLLOW THE WHIRLING FIGURE....



MOMENTARILY THE GHOST SLIPS OUT OF SIGHT, BUT HE'S FAR FROM GONE! AN INSTANT LATER HE RETURNS WITH...

THIS PUT THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON THAT OVERGROWN GERM!



THIS SHOULD BE GOOD FOR YOUR NERVES!

YEEES, EEE OW!



THE CASE OF DYNAMITE EXPLODES AT THE CLAW'S FEET, ROCKING HIS TREMENDOUS FRAME.



CAN IT BE TRUE? IS THIS THE CLAW WE SEE RUSHING AWAY?

MEANWHILE

HEAR THAT, THE CLAW HAS RETREATED! PERHAPS THE TIME IS NOW RIPE FOR CARRYING OUT OUR PLANS!

YES, BUT PROVIDING THE CLAW IS GONE! WHAT OF THIS GHOST PERSON?

WHO IS HE? WHY DOES HE FIGHT THE CLAW?? AND WILL HE PROVE AN OBSTACLE IN OUR PATH, OR-- PERHAPS A STEPPING STONE IN FULFILLING OUR PLANS? THE GHOST, WE MUST FIND THIS GHOST!

NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE! I'LL SAVE YOU THE TROUBLE OF LOOKING!

THE GHOST!



YES! WHO IS THIS GHOST? AND WHAT IS HIS PURPOSE IN BATTLING THE CLAW?

AND WHAT OF THIS MODERN MATA HARI WHOM WE KNOW AS MISS X? HOW DOES SHE PLAN TO GAIN CONTROL OF OUR NATION?

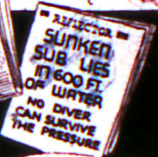
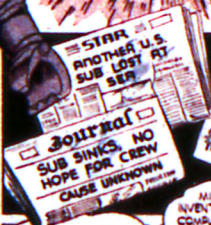
AND, OF COURSE, THE CLAW--WE KNOW TOO WELL TO EVEN HOPE THAT HE WON'T BE BACK, SO DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE WHEN THINGS REALLY GET HOT!!



# ★ Pat ★ patriot

*America's Joan of Arc*

By Bob



PLEASE, I MUST SEE  
MISS PATRIOT...IT'S  
ABOUT THE SUNKEN  
SUBMARINE!

COME  
IN, SIR!

MISS PATRIOT...I'M AN  
INVENTOR AND I HAVE JUST  
COMPLETED A NEW DIVING SUIT  
THAT WILL STAND TERRIFIC PRES-  
SURE! THE REGULAR DIVERS  
ARE SKEPTICAL AND ARE  
AFRAID TO USE IT, BUT IF  
YOU'RE WILLING TO TAKE  
THE RISK, THERE'S A CHANCE  
OF SAVING THOSE MEN  
IN THE SUBMARINE!





THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW! THOSE MEN DESERVE TO LIVE AND IF NONE OF THE DIVERS WILL GO DOWN, I'LL DO IT MYSELF!

I KNEW I COULD COUNT ON YOU! MY EQUIPMENT IS READY FOR ACTION!

AT THE DOCK THEY BOARD THE "RESCUE" SHIP AND ARE SOON STEAMING TOWARD THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER.....

THIS IS THE SUIT YOU WILL GO DOWN IN!

HOW DEEP CAN I GO AND HOW DOES IT WORK?

WE CAN SAFELY LOWER YOU TO 630 FEET! YOU WILL BREATHE A MIXTURE OF HELIUM AND OXYGEN WHICH DOES NOT DULL THE BRAIN AS DOES COMMON AIR UNDER PRESSURE! THE ARMS AND LEGS ARE OPERATED BY POWERFUL ELECTRIC MOTORS!

REACHING THEIR DESTINATION, PAT LOWERS HERSELF INTO THE DIVING SUIT AND PREPARES TO DESCEND!

GOOD LUCK, PAT!

WHAT'S GAC?

AT 100 FATHOMS DEEP PAT SIGHTS THE HULL OF THE SUB.....

I'M RIGHT ABOVE THE WRECK! LOWER AWAY!

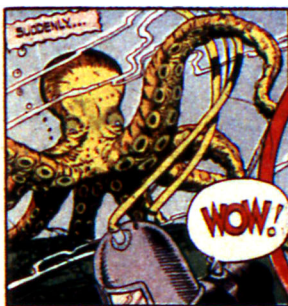
PAT DISCOVERS A GAPPING HOLE IN THE SIDE OF THE SUB.....

IT'S USELESS! THE SUB IS FILLED WITH WATER!

HOWEVER PAT INSPECTS THE WRECK.....

WHAT'S THIS? A BIG RUBBER SUCTION CUP?... WHAT?!

WHEN



SUDDENLY...

WOW!

BRING ME UP! THE  
SEASIDE ROMEO  
THINKS I'M HIS  
JULIET!

AT 300 FEET, THE MONSTROUS OCTOPUS  
RELEASES PAT. HE CAN NO LONGER  
STAND THE DECREASING PRESSURE  
AND MUST RETURN TO THE DEPTHS...



WHWEE!

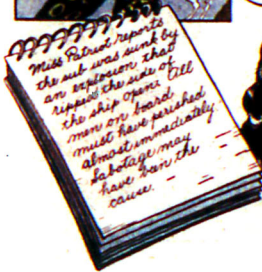


HELLO, PAT?...  
REMEMBER ME?...  
LITTLE JOE PEEP OF  
THE DAILY BLAZE?  
WHAT'S THE STORY  
ABOUT THE SUB?...  
IT'LL MEAN A  
SCOOP FOR ME!

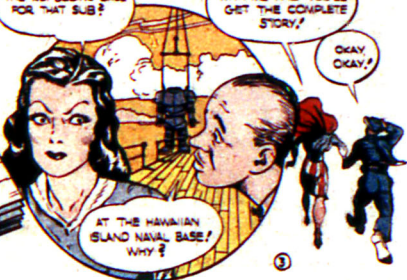
SAY... WHERE IS  
THE REFUELING BASE  
FOR THAT SUB?

NEVER MIND! C'MON,  
WITH ME AND YOU'LL  
GET THE COMPLETE  
STORY!

OKAY  
OKAY!



Miss Patriot reports  
the sub was sunk by  
an explosion that  
ripped the side of  
the ship open.  
All men on board  
must have perished  
almost immediately.  
Sabotage may  
have been the  
cause.



AT THE HAWAIIAN  
ISLAND NAVAL BASE!  
WHY?



ARRIVING IN HAWAII, PAT SWINGS INTO ACTION.....

WHERE IS THE  
NAVAL BASE LOCATED  
ON THE ISLAND?

ON THE  
OTHER SIDE OF  
THE EXTINCT  
VOLCANO!

LEE! STEE!

WE'VE SEARCHED THE  
ENTIRE ISLAND! THERE'S NO  
PLACE HERE THAT A SABO-  
TEUR COULD WORK FROM!

UNLESS THEY'RE  
LIVING IN THE  
OLD VOLCANO!  
HA, HA!

THAT'S IT, JOE  
PEEP! THAT'S THE  
DEAL HIDE-OUT  
FOR THEM!

BUT I DON'T  
GET IT!...  
WHY?

LISTEN THAT SUCTION CLIP I  
FOUND ON THE WRECKAGE WAS  
USED TO HOLD A BOMB TO THE  
SIDE OF THE SUB! THE ONLY  
TIME IT COULD BE PLACED THERE  
IS WHEN THE SUB IS IN  
PORT SEE?

OH YES  
SURE SURE!

AT THE MOUTH OF  
THE VOLCANO.....

THAT'S THE  
DEVIL'S  
KITCHEN!

WELL LET'S  
GO DOWN AND  
SEE WHAT'S  
COOKING!

WHAT?

AN HOUR LATER AT THE BOT-  
TOM OF THE CRATER....

LOOK JOE!.. THAT SMOKE  
IS COMING FROM JUST ONE  
OPENING IN THE ROCKS,  
LIKE A CHIMNEY!

YEH!

WHEN SUDDENLY FROM BEHIND...

ALL RIGHT,  
YOU TWO... PUT  
UP YER  
HANDS!

PAT HURLS HER-  
SELF AT THE  
GUNMAN.....

AND SENDS HIM SPRAWLING  
OVER THE PRECIPICE.....



OH, THE POOR FELLA  
FELL OVER THE  
CLIFF!... LOOK!  
THERE'S SOME OTHER  
GUYS COMIN' OUT  
OF A HOLE IN  
THE WALL!



WHAT'S HAPPENED TO  
ALFONSE? HE  
MUSTA SLIPPED!

SURE, THERE AIN'T NO-  
BODY THAT WOULD  
DARE COME DOWN  
INTO THE DEVIL'S  
KITCHEN! LET'S  
DRAG HIM IN-  
SIDE!

C'MON, JOE!  
NOW, I KNOW WE  
ARE ON THE RIGHT  
TRACK! THIS IS A  
SECRET BASE FOR  
SPIES AND  
SABOTEURS!



STEALTHILY THEY FOLLOW THE  
TWO GUNMEN DEEP INTO THE  
DEPTHS OF THE OLD VOLCANO...



BHMM...



JUMPIN' CATFISH! THESE BOYS  
HAVE A COMPLETELY EQUIPPED  
LABORATORY AND WORK SHOP  
DOWN HERE!

YEH!  
GEE...WHAT A  
STORY THEY'LL  
MAKE!



THERE'S A DIVER!  
LOOK! WHAT'S THAT  
HE'S CARRYING!



GO DOWN THROUGH THE  
SUBTERRANEAN CHANNEL AND  
STICK THIS TIME-BOMB ONTO THAT  
NEW DESTROYER THAT JUST CAME INTO  
THE NAVAL BASE! IT'LL WORK JUST  
LIKE THE OTHER ONE DID ON THAT  
SUB! THE SUCTION CURS HOLD  
IT THERE 'TIL IT GOES OFF!

OKAY,  
BOSS!



WE'VE GOT  
TO STOP THAT  
DIVER!



THIS IS  
ONE WAY!

BUT  
HOW?



A HEEL  
FOR A HEEL!

BAM BOP

THE BOMB LANDS HARMLESSLY  
IN THE WATER FOLLOWED  
BY THE BOSS

SPLASH

PAT  
THROWS HER  
ARMS AROUND  
THE DIVER

HELLO  
GOOD  
LOOKIN'!

HUH?

...AND JOE DEER HOSTS  
HIM HIGH IN THE AIR...

HELP!

THIS OUGHT  
TO FIT YOUR  
B-G HEAD-  
BOSS!

NOW THE REST  
OF YOU PUT UP YOUR  
HANDS, AND MARCH!

...AND THE ENTIRE NEST OF  
SABOTEURS ARE MARSHED TO  
GOVERNMENT HEADQUARTERS...

I HOPE  
THE BOMB AIN'T  
TIMED TO GO OFF  
TILL NEXT  
TUESDAY!

WHAT A STORY!  
YOU CAN BET YOUR BOOTS  
I'M GOING TO STICK CLOSE  
TO PAT...OR TAKE IT  
FROM ME THINGS ARE  
REALLY GOING TO HAPPEN  
IN THE NEXT EPISODE OF  
**PAT PATRIOT!**

PAT PATRIOT  
CAPTURES  
SABOTEURS

# NIGHTRO

The Streamlined  
Robin Hood

AMNE  
ROUSSES



FOR CENTURIES THE MIND OF MAN HAS STRUGGLED DESPERATELY TO UNRAVEL THE MYSTERIES OF THE UNIVERSE—BRILLIANT BOANS HAVE USED EVERY KNOWN DEVICE OF SCIENCE IN THEIR TITANIC EFFORTS TO SUCCEED—BUT ALL HAVE FAILED—NOW! AT LAST, A WESTERN GENIUS SEES SUCCESS IN VIEW: A ROCKET SHIP THAT CAN REACH THE MOON! WHAT A TREMENDOUS DISCOVERY! THE UNREALIZED DREAM OF AGES A REALITY—BUT—WHEN THE LIGHTS OF SCIENCE ARE ABOUT TO GLOW INTO THE PICTURE BURSTS THE BLOODY MAILED FIST OF WAR, IN AN ATTEMPT TO TWIST AND SQUEEZE THIS MIRACLE OF MAN TO SUIT ITS BRUTAL AIMS—BUT THEN EMERGES NIGHTRO, RESPECTABLE NEMESIS OF EVIL TO WAGE THE GREATEST BATTLE YET IN HIS UNCEASING FIGHT FOR HUMANITY.

EARLY ONE  
EVENING  
NIGHTRO  
RECEIVES AN  
URGENT TELEGRAM.

MUN GOODARD:

PUTTING FINISHING TOUCHES ON  
ROCKET I.R. STOP: NEED YOUR

HELP AT ONCE STOP

URGENT STOP

UNCLE STANLEY

I NEVER DREAMED UNCLE  
STANLEY WOULD REALLY  
COMPLETE THAT ROCKET  
SHIP—EVIDENTLY HE WAS—  
BUT I DON'T LIKE THE  
SOUND OF THIS WIFE!





1 A FEW HOURS LATER....

WONDER WHAT UNCLE WOULD SAY IF HE KNEW I WAS NIGHTRO-BETTER NOT TELL HIM, AT LEAST UNTIL I FIND OUT WHAT ALL THIS IS ABOUT-

ROOST? QUICK, GIVE ME THAT PICTURE, YOU KNOW THE ONE OF BLANN'S NEPHEW THAT YOU STOLE!

?

2 THAT'S HIM, ALRIGHT! THE OLD MAN MUST HAVE GOTTEN SCARED AND ASKED THIS GODDARN GUY TO COME OUT!

YEA, AND I DON'T LIKE HIS LOOKS! HE'S LIABLE TO SNOOP AROUND AND SPOIL THE WHOLE SET UP WE HAVE WITH HIS DUMB UNCLE-

3--AT THIS MOMENT FROM A FEW SEATS BACK IN THE CAR, A FIGURE CAREFULLY LOWERS HIS NEWSPAPER-

4 DON'T WORRY, ROOST! ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS GET THAT ROCKET SHIP AND WE HAVE A FORTUNE IN OUR HANDS--NO HEPPED UP NEPHEW IS GOING TO SQUASH THIS PARTY--

5 LATE THAT EVENING NIGHTRO ARRIVES IN MOUNT KISCO, A SMALL TOWN IN THE MOUNTAINS--

YOU'LL BE ABLE TO WORK OUT SOME OF THE KINKS YOU GOT IN THE BAGGAGE CAR AT THIS PLACE, BLACKIE. THERE'S WHAT'S THAT?

6 GUNFIRE FROM BACK OF THE HANGER! LET'S GO, BLACKIE!

7 MAYBE WE CAN GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THE WHOLE THING RIGHT NOW! UPPSA DAISY! UNCLE IS FIRING AT SOMEONE!









OUT OF CONTROL, THE SHIP STREAKS DOWN THE RUNAWAY AND PLUMMETS INTO SPACE—



THEN CRASHES TO EARTH IN A SECTION OF WOODS—

HUGH—  
HUGH  
ARE YOU  
ALRIGHT!

?  
OW!

I THOUGHT  
I SMELLED A  
RAT IN BACK  
OF ME!

NOW LET ME GET  
THIS THING STRAIGHT—  
YOU HIRED THESE  
GATS AS ASSISTANTS  
AND THEY TURNED  
OUT TO BE  
AGENTS FOR A  
FOREIGN POWER!

THAT'S RIGHT,  
HUGH—I FOUND  
SOME PAPERS IN THE  
SHIRT OF THE ONE  
ON THE ROOF—SOME  
HOW THEY HAD HEARD  
OF MY INVENTION AND  
LAID A CLEVERLY PLANNED  
PLOT TO STEAL THE SHIP  
FOR THEIR WARRING  
NATION. I HOPE THE  
POLICE SHOW THEM NO  
MERCY!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, WITH THE SPIES SAFELY IN THE  
CUSTODY OF THE POLICE, MR. BLANN MAKES A "SOLEMN PROMISE—"

YOU'RE THE ONLY  
ONE, UNCLE, THAT  
KNOWS HUGH GODDARD  
IS **NIGHTRO**—  
I KNOW I CAN  
TRUST YOU!

HAVE NO FEAR, SON  
AND WHEN I FINISH  
REPAIRING THE ROCKET  
SHIP YOU SHALL BE  
THE FIRST PASSENGER—

DON'T MISS  
ANOTHER  
Illustration by  
**NIGHTRO**  
in "Nightro" series  
by  
DAVID  
COMICS

DAVID  
COMICS

BRONZE TERROR

by  
DICK  
BRIEFER



REAL AMERICAN NO. 1

JEFF DIXON, PROMINENT LAWYER AND  
RAIL-BLOODED INDIAN, ASSUMES THE  
CHARACTER OF THE DREADED  
**BRONZE TERROR**,  
NEVESS OF THE CORRUPT  
FORCES THAT ATTEMPT TO  
SWINDLE HIS PEOPLE.

MY FRIENDS ARE  
ANYDUG TO MEET  
YOU, DIXON, AFTER  
THAT DECISION YOU  
WON FOR ME IN  
COURT.

BEING HERE  
IS ALL  
MY PLEASURE  
MR CLINTON.

AFTER SUCCESSFULLY  
DEFENDING WEALTHY  
MR. C.T. CLINTON  
IN A LAW SUIT,  
JEFF DIXON IS  
INVITED TO A  
PARTY AT HIS  
PALATIAL RANCH.



MY FRIENDS--  
YOU ARE NOT ONLY  
GOING TO SEE MY  
PRICELESS COLLECTION  
OF INDIAN RELICS,  
BUT WE WILL HAVE  
THE PLEASURE OF  
HAVING MR. DIXON,  
AN INDIAN HIMSELF,  
DESCRIBE THEM,  
TELLING THE STORY  
BEHIND EACH  
PIECE.



ISN'T HE  
DIVINE?

GIVE ME THAT  
INDIAN GUIDE  
ANY TIME!



THIS SWASTIKA IS  
ORIGINALLY AN  
INDIAN SYMBOL.  
IT BEHOVES MY  
PEOPLE TO SEE  
THAT THE  
NAZIS HAVE  
ADOPTED IT.



TED SHELDON, A NEWCOMER TO THE CLINTON  
CIRCLE, LISTENS INTENTLY. HE TAKES  
OUT HIS CIGARETTE CASE...



JEFF DIXON'S KEEN EYES PERCEIVE THE  
DECORATION ON SHELDON'S CASE.



ER-- I SEE YOU HAVE  
THE INDIAN LUCKY  
SWASTIKA ON  
YOUR CIGARETTE  
CASE, MR. SHELDON.

WHY... YES...  
I PICKED IT UP AT  
A RESERVATION.  
I WAS THOROUGHLY  
OVERCHARGED,  
THOUGH-- HEH, HEH.



THIS COLLECTION IS BASILY  
WORTH ALMOST A  
MILLION DOLLARS.  
NOW THIS PIECE---



SUDDENLY, OUT  
GO THE LIGHTS!

WHAT  
THE---?

EEEEEEEEP





JEFF FEELS A FIGURE NEAR HIM FUMBLING AT THE TABLE. HE SMACKS OUT AT IT...



THEN, A SHOT RINGS OUT.



WHEN THE LIGHTS ARE SWITCHED ON...

MR CLINTON! HE'S SHOT!

THE INDIAN RELICS-- THEY'RE GONE!



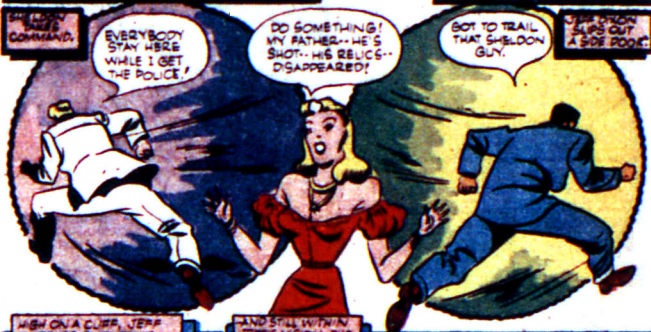
SHE LOOKS FOR A COMMAND.

EVERYBODY STAY HERE WHILE I GET THE POLICE!

DO SOMETHING! MY FATHER-- HE'S SHOT-- HIS RELICS-- DISAPPEARED!

GOT TO TRAIL THAT SHELDON GUY.

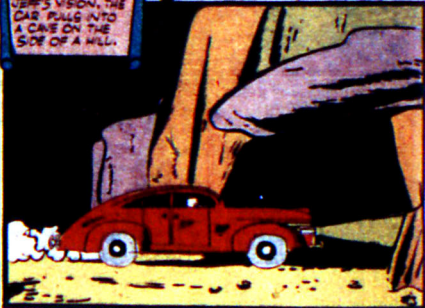
JEFF SWOON SLIPS OUT A SIDE DOOR.



HIGH ON A CLIFF, JEFF WATCHES SHELDON'S CAR SLIDE AWAY.



AND STILL WITHIN JEFF'S VISION, THE CAR PULLS INTO A CAVE ON THE SIDE OF A HILL.



AT THE SAME TIME, JEFF SLIPS OUT OF HIS SUIT.

INSIDE, A SINISTER GENT  
AWAITS SHELTON WITH  
A BUNNY.

WELL, DID  
YOU GET  
THE  
STUFF?

YOU BET,  
SHELTON,  
EVERY LAST  
BEAD.

AS I GRABBED  
THE THINGS  
OFF THE  
TABLE, SOME  
GUY SMACKED  
ME RIGHT  
OUT OF THE  
WINDOW!

YOU WERE  
VERY  
CLUMSY,  
HOFF.  
YOU CAUSED  
TOO MUCH OF  
A RUMPU.

I HAD TO  
SHOOT CLINTON  
TO KEEP HIM  
FROM SWITCHING  
ON THE LIGHTS  
TOO SOON. YES,  
HOFF... YOU  
WERE  
TOO  
CLUMSY!

SHELTON!  
WHAT  
ARE  
YOU  
GOING  
TO DO?  
NO--  
DON'T!

THEN, AS SHELTON IS READY  
TO LEAVE THE CAVE, THE  
DREAD FIGURE OF THE  
**BRONZE TERROR**  
HOVERS OVER THE HILL--

THIS ISN'T EXACTLY IN THE  
LINE OF DUTY OF A NAZI  
SPY--BUT STEALING THESE  
INDIAN RELICS WILL NET  
ME A SMART SUM TO LIVE  
ON IN CASE GERMANY  
LOSES THE WAR!



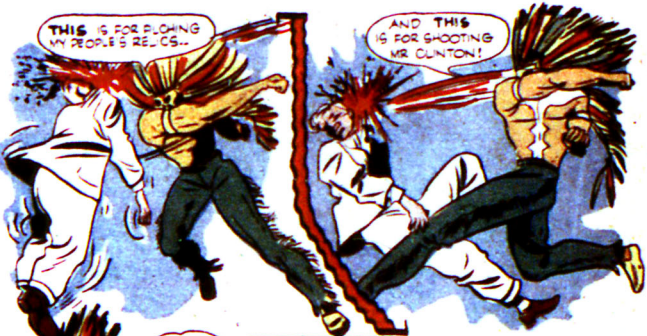
IN CASE YOU  
HAVEN'T  
HEARD OF ME,  
MY FRIEND--

AND AS SHELTON STEPS OUT--



I AM THE  
**BRONZE TERROR!**





THIS IS FOR PLOUGH  
MY PEOPLE'S RELICS...

AND THIS  
IS FOR SHOOTING  
MR CLINTON!



WE'LL JUST  
TIE YOU UP  
TO KEEP  
YOU OUT  
OF  
TROUBLE.



A COMMAND PASSES.

WHO-  
ME?

HEY,  
YOU--  
COME  
HERE!



DON'T SHAKE SO MUCH!  
I WON'T HURT YOU.  
JUST DO AS I SAY..  
DRIVE THIS MAN  
TO THE CLINTON  
RANCH...

YOU--  
YOU'RE THE  
BRONZE  
TERROR!



HERE--DELIVER HIM  
AND THIS NOTE.  
I'M LEAVING NOW.  
YOU COUNT UP TO  
A THOUSAND THEN  
DRIVE TO CLINTON'S  
PLACE.

Y-YES  
SR--  
ONE--  
TWO--  
THREE--  
F...



GIVING HIMSELF PLENTY OF  
TIME, THE **BRONZE TERROR**  
DASHES BACK TO A CLIFF  
THERE, HE CHANGES TO  
THE CIVILIAN CLOTHES OF  
HIS REAL SELF, JEFF DIXON.

SEVEN  
HUNDRED  
SEVEN  
HUNDRED  
ONE--



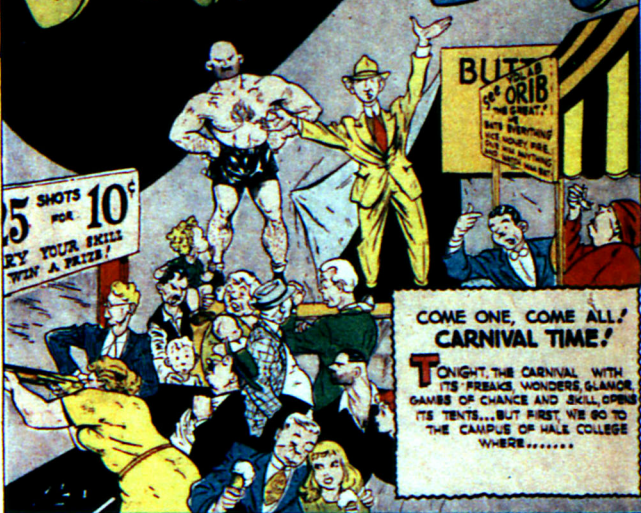
JEFF RACES BACK TO  
THE CLINTON RANCH.

ONE THOUSAND!  
SHELDON SHOULD  
BE HERE IN  
FIVE MINUTES!





# BASH DILLON



COME ONE, COME ALL!  
CARNIVAL TIME!

**T**ONIGHT, THE CARNIVAL, WITH ITS 'FREAKS, WONDERS, GLAMOR, GAMES OF CHANCE AND SKILL, OPENS ITS TENTS... BUT FIRST, WE GO TO THE CAMPUS OF HALE COLLEGE WHERE.....

ON THE FOOTBALL FIELD....

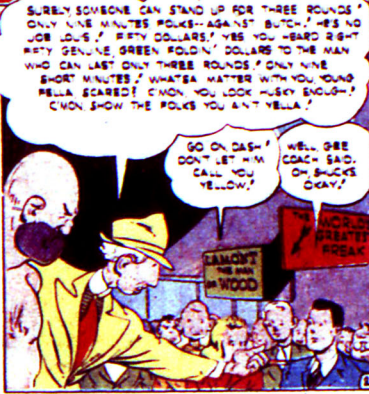
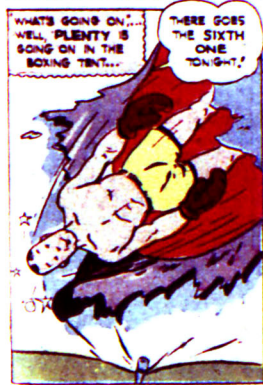
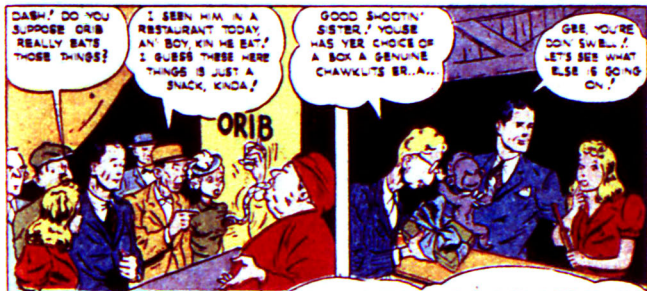
OKAY, BOYS... THAT'S ALL FOR TODAY! THREE TIMES AROUND THE FIELD! LAST THREE MEN IN HELP THE MANAGERS CARRY THE EQUIPMENT!



...AND LATER IN THE LOCKER ROOM...



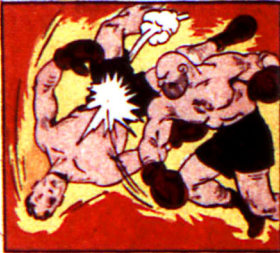
I SUPPOSE ITS DAFFY OF ME TO EXPECT ANYONE NOT TO GO TO THE CARNIVAL SO GO AHEAD! HAVE A GOOD TIME, BUT NO HOT DOGS, NO POP AND NO TROUBLE! REMEMBER, THE TEAM PICTURE IS BEING TAKEN TOMORROW, AND I WANT YOU ALL TO LOOK YOUR BEST!





HEY, CLARENCE, GET READY!  
WE GOT SOME COLLEGE GUY!  
I'LL GIVE YA TH' SIGNAL  
IF HE GETS HARD  
TO HANDLE!

# ROUND ONE



# ROUND TWO



C'MON, DASH! GET  
GONING! DON'T FORGET  
HE CALLED YOU YELLOW!



ROUND THREE... IF HE  
DON'T GO OUT SOON,  
GIVE HIM TH' WORKS!



WAT'LL I SEE  
HIS HEAD BUMP  
AGAINST DAT BACK-  
DROP...WOOF!



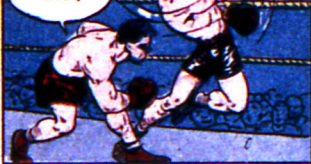
I GAVE CLARENCE  
TH' SIGNAL! JUST  
CLINCH AN' BACK HIM  
HARD AGAINST THE  
BACK-DROP!



ROUND  
3



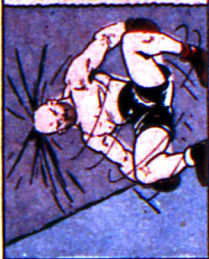
YELLA, HUM!  
BOY, I JUST  
DID DUCK  
THAT!



THE FORCE OF HIS SWING  
CAUSES BUTCH TO LOSE HIS BALANCE



..AND HE CRASHES HEAD-LONG  
INTO THE BACK-DROP....



..WHERE HE IS CONKED ON THE  
HEAD BY HIS WILLING COLLEAGUE!



OOH...OOH... FIFTY  
SNACKERS!...OOH  
WAH! I GET  
CLARENCE!



DASH THANKS  
SO MUCH FOR A  
PERFECTLY SWELL  
EVENING!



ENLARGEMENT OF A SECTION OF THE  
TEAM PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN NEXT DAY...



DASH DILLON REALLY GOES TO TOWN  
IN NEXT MONTH'S **DAREDEVIL**  
COMICS --- *DON'T MISS IT!*

# THIRTEEN

Introducing-

# JINX

A STATE OF ALARM BOIDS  
THE UNDERWORLD—IN THE LAST  
FEW MONTHS A STRANGE  
TERRIFYING FIGURE HAS  
ENTERED THEIR HIDEOUTS  
TO TORMENT THEM MENTALLY  
AND MANHANDLE THEM  
PHYSICALLY—“IS” THE  
NUMBER OF ALL  
TIME IS A REALITY IN THE  
FORM OF MAROUD HIDDINS—  
BUT NOW A NEW FORCE  
ENTERS THE THEATRE  
OF TERROR WHO IS SOON  
TO BE KNOWN AND  
FEARED BY ALL AS JINX,  
ALLY OF  
“THIRTEEN”

GERMIE FLEW  
AND  
DICK MOOD



IN THE CREIG RESIDENCE, DARREL, CREIG, YOUNG HEED TO HIS FATHER'S STEEL FORTUNE, STUDIES UNWISDOM THAT THE JEALOUS MIND OF HIS UNCLE IS FORMING A TERRIBLE PLAN.

THE BRAT!  
IF IT WEREN'T  
FOR HIM!

PATIENCE,  
MOLDON.  
PATIENCE—

HE AND I ARE THE ONLY TWO LEFT IN THE FAMILY TRAVELERS WITHOUT THE KID MY BROTHER'S FORTUNE WOULD BE MINE— AS THE CHILD'S GUIDE YOU CAN TAKE HIM SIGHT SEEING— MEET ME AT THE STATUE OF LIBERTY AT 2 P.M. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE REST— AND YOU TOO!

THAT AFTERNOON INSIDE THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

WHAT'S  
UP!

IT'S ALL  
ARRANGED!  
I BRIBED THE  
GUARD TO LET  
US GO TO THE  
TOP OF THE  
TORCH— YOU  
KNOW WHAT  
TO DO THEN!

LOOK DOWN  
THERE DARREL,  
LONG DROP  
ISN'T IT?

GOOSH!  
I'LL  
SAY!

JUST A  
LITTLE MORE,  
AND —

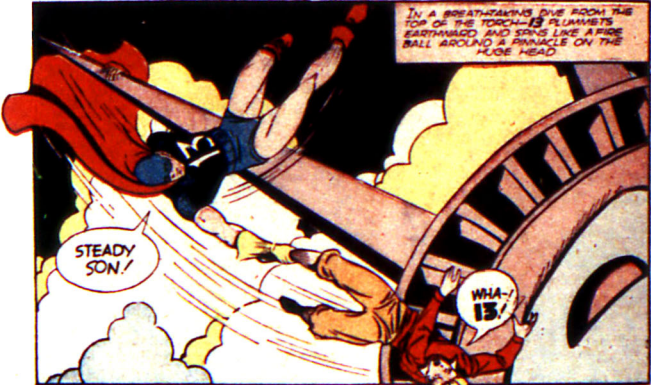
HEY-Y!

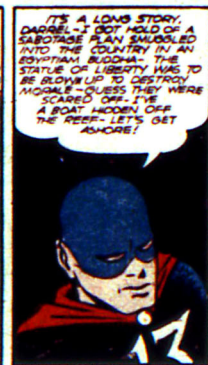
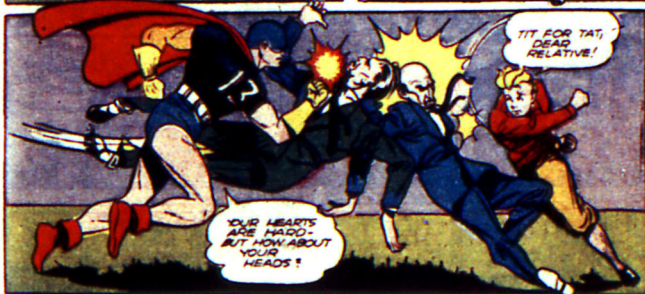
—NOW!

HELP—

SUDDENLY FROM ABOVE —  
A FIGURE STREAKS DOWN  
THE SIDE OF MISS LIBERTY —  
"THIRTEEN"

IN A BREATHTAKING DIVE FROM THE TOP OF THE TORCH-13 PLUMMETS EARTHWARD AND SPINS LIKE A FIRE BALL AROUND A PINNACLE ON THE HUGE HEAD







THE SABOTEURS HAD NOT BEEN SCARED OFF!

FORGET THE STATUE! FOLLOW THAT BOAT—THIRTEENS IN IT—IF WE NAIL THAT GUY WE GOT A FORTUNE IN OUR HANDS—WON!



AT THE DOCK...

WE'LL SEE! HURRY BEFORE SOMEONE NOTICES MY COSTUME!

I'M ALL ALONE NOW! HOW ABOUT ME HELPING YOU FIGHT CRIME?



TO AVOID SUSPICION, 13 ENTERS HIS APARTMENT VIA THE FIRE-ESCAPE



HANG ON, KID, HERE WE GO!

BOY! LOOK! THOSE MUSCLES! NO WONDER THE BOYS CAN'T HANDLE HIM! LET'S GET STARTED!



I SEEN EM WITH MY OWN EYES—IT'S 13. HERE'S THE ADDRESS—

I'M STAYING RIGHT HERE THAT GUY'S BAD LUCK AND NO ROLING!



GET GOING, '13' IS HERE!

WHAT? '13'— TERRIFIC! COME RIGHT OVER!

SWIFTLY THE NEWS TRAVELS THROUGH CHANDOOM—



NOW WE KNOW THIRTEEN'S BOYS—WE'RE GONNA POLISH OFF THIS REGGADO FOR GOOD!

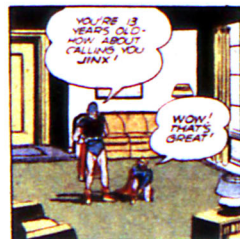
O.K. BOSS!



GEE! THIS IS SWEET! BET I COULD BEAT ANY ARMY NOW!

LET'S SEE— YOU NEED SOME SORT OF NAME!

MEANWHILE



YOU'RE 13 YEARS OLD— NOW ABOUT CALLING YOU JINX!

WOW! THAT'S GREAT!



I SURE APPRECIATE YOUR TAKING ME NO. 13, BUT BEFORE WE START OUT I THINK I'D BETTER TAKE A NAP!



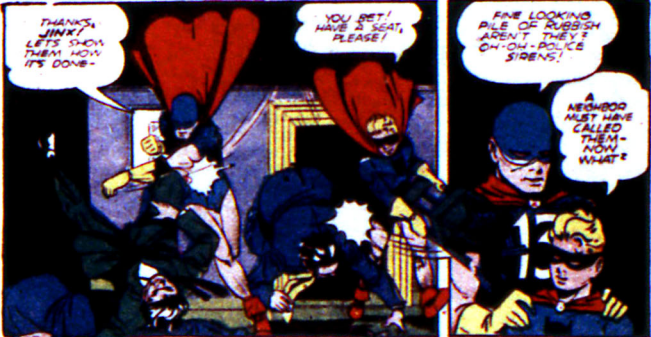
TELEGRAM!

A FEW DAYS LATER, THE GANG APPEARS OUTSIDE THE DOOR!



O.K. SLIP IT THROUGH, BOY!



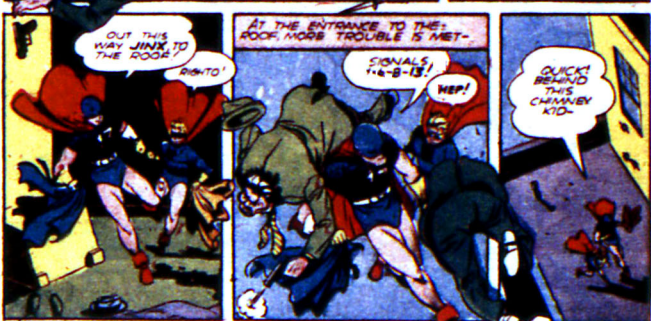


THANKS, JINK!  
LET'S SHOW  
THEM HOW  
IT'S DONE-

YOU BET!  
HAVE A SEAT,  
PLEASE!

FINE LOOKING  
PILE OF RUBBISH  
AREN'T THEY?  
OH-OH-POLICE  
SIRENS!

A  
NEIGHBOOR  
MUST HAVE  
CALLED  
THEM-  
NOW  
WHAT?



OUT THIS  
WAY JINK,  
TO THE ROOF!

RIGHTO!

AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE  
ROOF, MORE TROUBLE IS MET-

SIGNALS  
"A-B-13!"

HEP!

QUICK!  
BEHIND  
THIS  
CHIMNEY  
KID-



MINUTES LATER, THIRTEEN AND  
JINK RETURN TO THE APARTMENT-

FOR  
GOSH SAKES-  
WHAT  
HAPPENED?

SORRY, MR  
HOGGINS-SOME  
SORT OF A GAY  
WAR- THEY CLAIM  
THIRTEEN

LOOKS LIKE A  
TORNADO  
STRUCK!

WAS  
HERE!

I THINK THIS  
THIRTEEN STUFF  
IS ALL A GAD-  
AVE KID!

IT SURE  
IS! NO  
ONE  
COULD BE  
THAT  
TOUGH!

Next  
Month-  
13 and  
JINK  
REALLY  
OPEN UP-  
DON'T MISS  
THEIR CAMPAIGN  
OF FEAR  
IN  
DAREDEVIL  
COMICS!



# THE STORY BEHIND "13"

Continued from Page 15

gins decided to fight with all the might he could muster in body and soul and break the terrible jinx that ran his life. It was then that a startling new figure burst into the annals of crime and fought not only with fists but with a strange new type of weapon... FEAR. Twisting the ugly superstition of "13" into a boomerang, Hal Higgins has taken it as a name and instilled within the heart of every criminal the country over, a dread bordering on hysteria. With him this month, is a new young figure in the form of Jinx, who has joined sides with him in a mighty effort to destroy the castles of vice. They are a mighty team, these two.

Unfortunately, in the strongholds of crime, there are men with a form of warped genius which enables them to build a strong wall for justice to crack. One of these has arisen above all others and beaten down all opposition until now

he stands like a king, directing vast criminal movements and controlling the strings to a thousand rackets. But there is one obstacle in his path: one strong barrier that he knows, with his crafty mind, must be blasted before he can continue on his diabolical rampage of destruction. That obstacle is Thirteen. For

the news has traveled rapidly through the dark hideouts of the underworld and pierced the inner sanctum of this death lord supreme.

He knows the full power vested in "13" by the very superstitious force which attempted to ruin his life. And now, the addition of Jinx, he realizes more than ever how urgent it is for the safety of his criminal activities to stop this force. Carefully he has laid a trap for "13" and Jinx. Next month he springs it. Now that you know the story behind "13", what do you think the outcome will be? Can this clever criminal overcome the fear and physical awe which "13" has instilled in the hearts of hoodlums? ... Next month they meet in a titanic life and death struggle which rocks the nation until then - don't walk under any ladders!

THE END

## DAREDEVIL'S PUNCH-OF-THE-MONTH

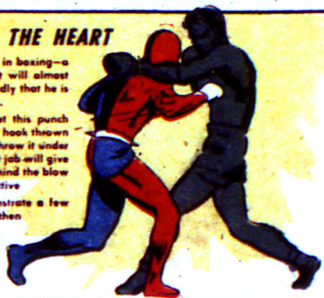
### THE RIGHT UNDER THE HEART

This is the most paralyzing blow in boxing—a good hard right under the heart will almost always stun your opponent so badly that he is easy prey for the next few blows.

There are two good ways to get this punch home. One is to come inside a left hook thrown by your rival and the other is to throw it under a left jab. Throwing it under a left jab will give you a little more body weight behind the blow and thus will be a bit more effective.

Next month I'm going to demonstrate a few ways to block punches—see you then.

*Daredevil*



# KELLY THE COP

BY  
ART HELFANT,



OH, MISTER POLICEMAN, WOULD YOU KIND MIND WATCHING MY BABY FOR A MINUTE - I'M JUST GOING IN THIS STORE TO BUY A SHIRT FOR MY HUSBAND...

I'LL BE GLAD TO, LADY



NICE BABY -  
KOOCHY  
KOOCHY  
KOOCHY!

WAH!



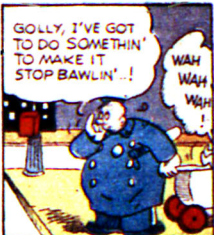
OH! - MUSTN'T  
CRY - GOOD BABIES  
DON'T DO THAT!

AH  
WAH!



GOLLY, I'VE GOT  
TO DO SOMETHIN'  
TO MAKE IT  
STOP BAWLIN'...

WAH  
WAH  
WAH!



I'VE GOT IT!  
I'LL GET IT  
A LOLLYPOP  
ACROSS TH'  
STREET!

WAH  
WAH!

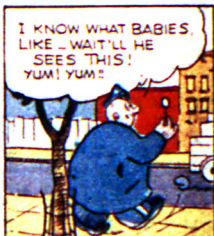


DON'T BOTHER  
TO PUT IT IN A  
BAG - I'M NOT  
GOIN' FAR -

THAT'LL  
BE TWO  
CENTS,  
OFFICER.



I KNOW WHAT BABIES  
LIKE - WAIT'LL HE  
SEES THIS!  
YUM! YUM!!



HUH! TH' KID'S GONE...!  
IT'S MOTHER MUST HAVE  
TAKEN IT HOME...



OH WELL, I'LL HAVE  
TO EAT IT MYSELF...  
HM-M! TASTE'S GOOD!  
YUM! YUM!!

CAN YOU  
IMAGINE?!!  
WHAT'S  
TH' WORLD  
COMIN' TO!!



# L

# LONDON

FROM THE SMASHING SPIRES  
AND WRECKED WALLS OF THE  
CITY WHICH IS BRITAIN'S CITADEL  
FROM THE FLAMING CHAOS  
WHICH IS LONDON NOW--HAS RISEN UP  
A FIGURE--GLENDOR COURAGEOUS!  
WHO IS THIS MAN?  
NOW SHALL WE CALL HIM?  
WE WILL CALL HIM, SIMPLY--  
**LONDON--**  
FOR IN VERY TRUTH, HE IS LONDON--  
A LIVING BREATHING REALITY TO  
PROVE---

**LONDON CAN TAKE IT!!!  
BUT LOOK!!....**

WHO IS THIS FIGURE, MYSTERIOUSLY  
MARKED, WHO--YES, LOOKS LIKE LONDON--  
CERCKING LIGHTNING FACED  
HAMMER-FLOYS TO THE JAW OF A MAN  
WHO LOOKS--YES, WHO LOOKS SUSPICIOUSLY  
LIKE **ADOLPH HITLER**--  
NOW COULD THIS POSSIBLY BE TRUTH?  
HOW COULD THIS ACTUALLY TAKE PLACE?  
HOW COULD HE ACTUALLY TAKE PLACE?  
DISCOVER WHY LONDON CAN ACTUALLY  
FIGHT HITLER-FACE TO FACE--AND  
PROVE, ALSO, THAT--

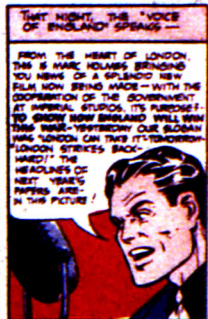
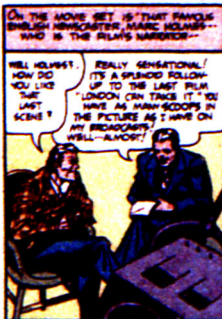
**LONDON STRIKES BACK!**

**A TERRIFIC  
BLOW---**

1

**FLOODS THE  
SCREAMING  
"HITLER"**





LIGHTS... CAMERA... ACTION...  
THE NORMAL MOVIE ROUTINE IS  
RESUMED NEXT DAY...

WE'RE GOING  
ALONG AT A  
FINE PACE NOW!  
AT THIS RATE  
WE SHOULD  
FINISH THE  
FILM IN A  
FORTNIGHT!

I SAY, MR. BLAKE...  
PERHAPS IT  
MIGHT BE A FINE  
IDEA TO SHOOT THAT  
LAST SEQUENCE  
OVER AGAIN  
WITH THAT  
NEW LIGHTING  
EFFECT!



HASKING, YOU KNOW  
THIS FILM MUST BE  
FINISHED TO COINCIDE  
WITH ENGLAND'S  
GREAT OFFENSIVE DRIVE!  
YOUR IDEAS ARE  
ALWAYS MADE AFTER  
A DAY'S SHOOTING!  
ANYONE WOULD THINK  
YOU'RE TRYING TO  
SLOW PRODUCTION  
NOT SPEED IT UP!

SAY, YOU  
WOULD  
SACRIFICE ART  
BECAUSE OF  
POLITICAL  
PRESSURE!  
YOU'RE THE  
DIRECTOR!



I SAY, BLAKE...  
YOUR ASSISTANT  
DIRECTOR IS QUITE  
HOT-HEADED!

YES--HURDS  
DUNN'T WANT  
THE FIRST TIME  
HE'S STORMED  
OFF THE SET!  
I HAD TO APPEASE  
SOME BIG OFFICIAL  
--WELL, THERE'S SOMETHING  
ABOUT HIM...



THAT NIGHT, AS THE BLACK-OUT DROPS--  
LIKE A BLIND-FOLD OVER THE BOMB-  
TORN CITY, THE MASK OF LONDON IS  
DONNED ONCE MORE...

THIS IS MORE THAN JUST A FILM! IT  
MAY MEAN MORE THAN ANY BATTLE  
WON OR LOST SO FAR IN THE WAR!  
GERMANY WON'T RISK LETTING  
THE BEST OF THE WORLD SEE  
THE COMPLETED FILM! I THINK  
IT'S TIME FOR ME TO INTERVIEW  
THE SUSPICIOUS  
MR. HASKING!



MR. HASKING,  
SIR, THE  
MASTER WAS  
NOT YET  
RETURNED  
FROM THE  
STUDIO

NOT RETURNED!  
I WAS ON  
THE SET  
WHEN HE LEFT--  
WHAM! SOMETHING  
WROTE HERE!

WELL-- JUST  
SAY LONDON  
CALLED--



YES SIR--LONDON...  
LONDON!  
BY JOVE, IT'S  
LONDON!



MOMENTS LATER--LONDON'S STEALTHY FIGURE GHOSTS  
THROUGH THE DESERTED SET---

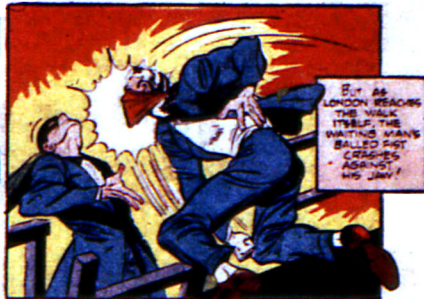
I SAY, SOMEONE'S  
IN THE CUTTING  
ROOM--  
FIRE--THE  
FILM!!



TOO LATE-- THE FILM  
GOES UP IN ONE GIANT  
PUFF OF FLAME!



LONDON GIVES CHASE AND THE MASKED MAN DARTS UP THE CATWALK LADDER...



BUT AS LONDON REACHES THE WALK ITSELF, THE WAITING MAN'S BALLED FIST CRASHES AGAINST HIS JAW!



A LASHING FOOT SNOS LONDON REELING-- OUT INTO EMPTY SPACE.

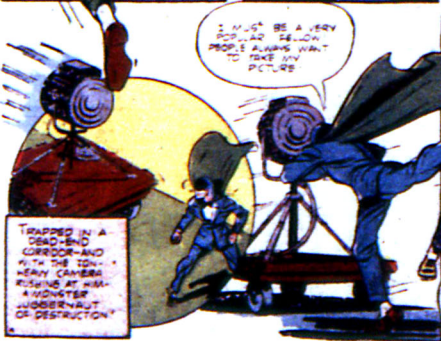


--AND PLUNGING TO THE FLOOR BELOW!

AS LONDON LIES STUNNED, THE UNKNOWN ASSAILANT RACES DOWN THE CATWALK LADDER-- DAZED THOUGH HE IS, LONDON INSTINCTIVELY PULLS HIS PAIN-RACKED BODY UPRIGHT-- BUT A NEW DANGER THREATENS!



UH-UH! LONDON, HOLD THAT POSE!



I MUST BE A VERY POPULAR PERSON. PEOPLE ALWAYS WANT TO TAKE MY PICTURE.



TRAPPED IN A DEAD-END CORRIDOR--AND WITH THE TON-HEAVY CAMERA RUSHING AT HIM--A MONSTER JUGGERNAUT OF DESTRUCTION!

I CAN'T GET OVER IT. OR CAN I? I MUST BE CAMERA SHY!





DOWN  
A DARK  
CORRIDOR  
RACES  
LONDON IN  
PURSUIT OF HIS  
ATTACKER--  
WHO WHISELS  
ABOUT A SHARP  
TURN--



ROUNDING  
THE CORNER  
LONDON  
CATAPULTS  
FORWARD IN  
A LONG  
SHEEPING TACKLE!

I WAS RIGHT!  
GERMAN AGENTS  
ARE TRYING  
TO DESTROY  
THE FILM!  
YOU'RE ONE  
NAZI WHO WON'T  
WHY--HASKINS!

DON'T HIT  
ME--MERRIL--  
YES--IT'S  
ME--  
HASKINS--



HASKINS THINKS IT'S  
THE ACTOR MERRIL WHO  
PLUNGES LONDON IN THE  
FILM! I BELIEVE I'LL  
LET HIM KEEP ON  
THINKING THAT!

WELL HASKINS!  
I SUSPECTED YOU!  
BUT EVEN NOW I CAN  
HARDLY BELIEVE YOU  
ARE A NAZI AGENT!  
FIRST YOU TRIED TO  
SLOW PRODUCTION ON  
THE SET--FALLING, YOU  
DESTROYED THE  
THE FILM--

DESTROY  
THE FILM!  
NO MERRIL--  
NO--YOU'RE  
ALL WRONG--  
WHY I JUST  
REMAINED  
CONSCIOUSNESS  
SOMEONE  
CLOUTED ME  
AS I WAS  
LEAVING THE  
SET!



IT MUST HAVE BEEN  
THE SAME ONE WHO  
DESTROYED THE FILM!  
A NAZI AGENT!--I SAY  
YOU'RE NOT ACCUSING  
ME, ARE YOU, MERRIL?  
WHY NOW ABOUT YOU?  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING  
HERE? AND IN  
YOUR LONDON  
COSTUME! YOU MUST  
REALLY THINK YOU  
ARE LONDON!

WHY  
DO I REALLY  
DO THINK  
I AM--  
IN FACT--



THE NEXT DAY-- AT THE  
STUDIO--THE DIRECTOR SPEAKS--

LAST NIGHT, SOMEONE SET  
FIRE TO ALL THE FILM  
RUSHES STORED IN THE CUTTING  
ROOM. FORTUNATELY MARC HOLMES  
WARNED US OF SABOTAGE AND  
WE SET ASIDE A DUPLICATE  
FILM--SO OUR SABOTEUR WAS  
FOOLED! NOW IF YOU ARE ALL  
READY WE CAN PROCEED WITH  
THE PICTURE!



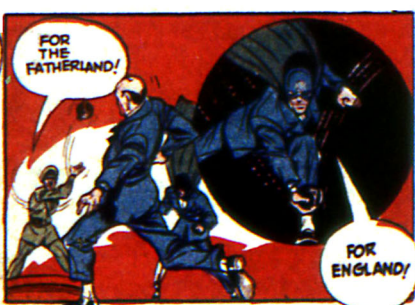
AT THE END OF THE DAY'S FILMING--

I SAY, HASKINS--  
THE FINAL SCENE  
IS TOMORROW  
AND WE HAVEN'T  
EVEN GOTTEN  
THE SCRIPT  
FOR OUR  
PARTS!

HERE THEY ARE, ONLY  
FIVE COPIES MADE--FOR  
YOU THREE, DIRECTOR  
BLAKE AND MYSELF--  
THE CONTENTS ARE  
QUITE STARTLING  
AND ARE A MILITARY  
SECRET AND OF COURSE  
MUST BE  
KEPT AS  
SUCH!









# WHIRLWIND-

The Blond Bomber!!

14  
STRAIGHT  
!!

RIPPING THROUGH THE BORING  
RANKS WITH A STARTLING  
RUN OF KNOCKOUTS THE  
BLOND BOMBER BEATS INTO  
BOLIVIA ALL STAND UP  
OBVIOUSLY CAN STAND UP  
NONE WHIRLWIND'S  
UNDER FOR THE NEXT  
SIZELING FOR THE NEXT  
BEATED WITH THE  
BOUT WITH THE  
DRAFTED CHAMPION  
TERRY TURNER TRAINS  
CAREFULLY UNDER  
HIS MOVIE STAR  
MANAGER JACKIE WING  
FOR THAT BIG CONTEST  
WHICH IS DUE  
SOON--

OUT IN HOLLYWOOD WE FIND TERRY  
TRAINING AT JACKIE WING'S ESTATE

M.  
JACKIE!

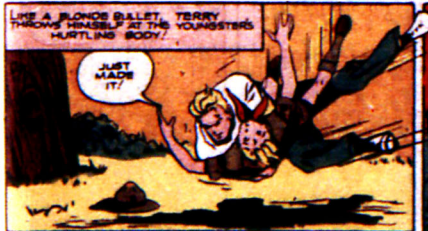
OH  
TERRY!

I'M HAVING DIRECTOR  
STROMBERG AND A  
FEW FRIENDS UP THIS  
AFTERNOON. I KNOW  
PARTY CHATTER IS  
BORING TO YOU BUT I  
DO WISH YOU'D MEET  
MR. STROMBERG- HE'S  
BRINGING A VALUABLE  
DIAMOND STUNNING DRESS  
WHICH I'M TO WEAR IN  
MY NEXT PICTURE!

AN HOUR LATER, TERRY STARTS HIS DAILY ROAD WORK—



AS WHIRLWINDS TURN A BEND IN THE ROAD—



A WHILE LATER,  
A CAR  
CARRYING THREE  
SINISTER CHARACTERS  
PULLS TO A HALT  
AT THE ENTRANCE  
OF THE WING  
ESTATE—

OK,  
STOP IT  
RIGHT  
HERE!

LISTEN, BOYS— STROMBERG'S  
UP HERE WITH THE GUTTER DRIBBS  
THEY'VE MADE FOR JACKIE WING'S  
NEW PICTURE— THERE'S ENOUGH  
DIAMONDS IN IT TO SINK A ROWBOAT.  
THE DAY THEY CANNED ME FROM  
THE STUDIO, THE DIRECTOR SAID  
IT WAS WORTH TWENTY GRAND—  
AND THAT AIN'T HAY TO EARL  
MAC CONIGLE— HERE'S HOW  
WE'LL  
WORK IT—



ENTER DIRECTOR STROMBERG—  
HOLLYWOOD'S PRIDE AND JOY—

GLAD TO KNOW YOU  
MR. STROMBERG—  
I'VE HEARD A LOT  
ABOUT YOU—

HOW ARE  
YA, KID  
THAT'S SOME  
PHYSIQUE—  
YOU HAVE  
THERE!



WAIT! YOU SEE  
THIS GOWN— IT'LL  
KNOCK EVEN YOU  
OUT, TERRY!  
OUR DESIGNERS  
PUT THE LAST  
DROP OF DAZZEL  
INTO IT!



ENTER MAC CONIGLE—HOLLYWOOD  
CAMERA MAN TURNED CROOK—

HOW'S THAT  
FOR  
DAZZEL!

O.K.  
FOLKS!  
JUST KEEP  
QUIET!



IGNORING THE GUNMAN, TERRY LASHES A  
LEFT TO MAC CONIGLE'S JAW—

ALWAYS LEAD  
WITH YOUR  
LEFT!



WHY  
YA  
PUNK—

PUT 'EM  
UP, QUICK—  
TOUGH  
GUY—





YOU'LL HAVE  
TO BE FASTER  
THEN BULLETS  
TO BEAT ME,  
CHUM, SO KEEP  
'EM UP!

I-LOOK!  
A STICK  
UP!

I GOTTA GET  
WHIRLWIND  
OUTA THIS  
SOMEHOW-  
H-HOPE MY  
EYE IS  
GOOD!

WHAT  
THA....!

MADE  
IT!

TAKING  
ADVANTAGE  
OF THE  
OPPORTUNITY,  
TERRY  
BLASTS  
HOME A RIGHT-

G-GOOD  
GOSH! HE'S  
KNOCKED  
'TRIGGER  
COLD!

AND  
HE'S  
GOT THE  
ONLY  
GUN!  
C'MON-

LET ME  
AT 'EM!  
I'LL BREAK  
THEIR  
JAWS!

AS THE WOULD BE THERE'S MAKE  
A BREAK, THE SCOUTS SPRING  
INTO ACTION-

YIPPI!

SOMEBODY  
GET SOME  
ROPE!

NICE WORK, FELLERS-  
BUT DON'T TIE THEM UP, I  
HAVE A BETTER IDEA!  
THEY'RE GOOD MATERIAL  
FOR THE BOXING LESSON  
I PROMISED YOU!

UNDER THE FRIGHTENED EYES OF THE THUG WHIRLWIND SHEDS HIS ROBE—

ALRIGHT BOYS, LET THEM GO—WE'LL SEE WHAT KIND OF SPANNING PARTNERS I HAVE!

THIS IS COMMONLY KNOWN AS A LEFT HOOK!

AFTER SETTING THEM UP WITH A LEFT JAB—CROSS YOUR RIGHT LIKE THIS—

THE BODY BLOW SHOULD CARRY FULL WEIGHT TO BE MOST EFFECTIVE—

AS A FINISHING TOUCH, THE RIGHT UPPERCUT USUALLY DOES NICELY—

IT ISN'T EXACTLY ETHICAL TO LEAVE YOUR OPPONENTS PILED IN THE RING—BUT UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES IT MIGHT BE PERMITTED.

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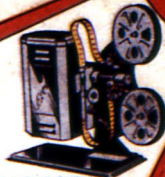


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